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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes MARJORIE BROWN, HOWARD REUTER, ROBERT STEVENS, HARRIS WILSON, and GEORGE CONKIN, Chairman.



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The Audience

ANN LANKFORD

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

LIKE BROODING GIANT SPECTATORS, THE FOUR WALLS of the auditorium stared down somberly on the riotous crowd gathered in their midst. Within the circle of their silent expanse, color and sound ruled supreme over a huge audience of brightly-dressed children, dismissed from school for the day, and exploding their bottled-up energy in motion and noise. High-pitched voices, undermined by the rhythmic beat of clapping hands and stamping feet, shrilled without pause in a deafening roar. On the main floor and in both balconies, the children squirmed restlessly, forming the links in a magic chain of excitement, which encircled the room. Small heads swiveled busily, alert eyes darted swiftly about, missing nothing, but returning always to the central point of interest—the stage with its secretive expanse of dark curtains.

Suddenly, like the first spark of existence, the footlights gleamed and the stage came to life. As at a signal, the roomful of sound rocketed to an unbearable crescendo, and then, as the curtains moved like slowly lifting eyelids, the din broke sharply and dropped into a silence as abruptly as if a soundproof door had suddenly been slammed shut. Anticipation hung almost bodily in the silence; then hundreds of intensely watching eyes saw a small man in gray walk briskly across the stage, and the quiet was splintered by a returning roar of applause.

The long-awaited magician show had begun. Throughout the performance, the real show was the audience, possessing, with its constantly shifting motion, the fascination of the bright patterns of a kaleidoscope. Unlike the calm, serene rippling of an adult audience, the mass of restless children bobbed and twisted like the waters of a choppy, swirling sea, swarming over the aisles and backs of chairs, and even threatening to engulf the stage itself. Beneath the dominant tones of the magician's voice, there moved always the undertone of scuffling feet and hissing whispers, sometimes breaking out into a roar, as the children screamed their messages of wonder or disbelief.

Inevitably though, like a thread stretched taut in constant pressure, the tension broke. Slowly, the waves of excitement began to ebb away, and, by the end of the performance, there was left only the weariness of strained voices and emotions. The closing curtains drew only light, half-hearted applause, and the shrill voices were subdued and quiet. The magic chain of excitement which had unified the crowd was gone, and the audience was only his child and that child, wanting to go home to supper.

The Instrument that Does Everything But Talk

RUSS STACKHOUSE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

SINCE ITS INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD IN APRIL, 1935, the Hammond electric organ has had phenomenal success. This paper will try to explain some of the reasons for its success, and it will also try to explain why I enjoy the Hammond so much.

The electric organ consists of two main parts; namely, the tone cabinet, or speaker baffle, and the console. These beautiful pieces of furniture are connected by a thick cable, and the whole instrument may be connected to any alternating current outlet. Hammond has provided a safety device which will enable the organ to function properly within the range of 110 volts to 120 volts. Tones are mixed and generated in the console by means of a permanent magnet surrounded by a coil of wire. When a key is depressed, a current of about .05 of a volt attracts a small wheel with humps to the magnet and its coil. This wheel, about the size of a silver dollar, is continuously rotating on the shaft of a synchronous motor. The number of humps on a wheel determine the pitch of a given note, and a greater number of humps will render a higher tone. This tone-generating system is the most intricate and expensive part of the organ.

This voltage created by the tone-generating system is passed on to the tone cabinet where it is amplified and broadcast on an ordinary loudspeaker. I spoke of the continuously rotating shaft a moment ago. Since this shaft with the little "silver dollar" wheels is run by a synchronous motor, the organ never gets out of tune. It is perfectly pitched in the factory, and it will stay that way unless it is dropped over a cliff.

Among the special desirable features of the Hammond are its magnificent harmonic drawbars which enable a musician to create his own desired tonal effects. I once asked my high school algebra instructor to figure out how many tonal combinations are available on the Hammond. He determined by factorial eighty-one, with the use of logarithms, that there are over ninety-four quadrillion combinations of tones to be had on the organ. Many of these tones are too discordant to be used, and Hammond advertises that there are really twenty-one million tones which can be considered useful.

What the inventor, Laurens Hammond, has done is to divide many octaves, thirds of octaves, and fifths of octaves into pure tones. By means of a sliding drawbar, these pure tones are available in eight different degrees of volume and may be cut out entirely by pushing the drawbar all the way in. With these

magic bars the organist can create the soft timbre of a violin, the mighty chorus effect of a pipe organ, or the harsh discord of the old steam calliope. If an organist changed a combination of drawbars every five minutes for the rest of his life, he would never use up all the possible combinations.

Besides this wonderful new feature which enables the organist to create any tone he desires, Hammond has incorporated into the organ tone a true vibrato which has never been surpassed for brilliance and beauty. As it is generally known, the pipe and reed organs have a tremulant effect created by sending continuous blasts of air across the pipe or sound chamber. This effect is only a variation in loudness of a pitch, but it tires one's ear after a while. The Hammond vibrato is a definite wavering of the tone, first slightly sharp, then slightly flat. This variation in pitch is accomplished by employing the use of a sliding rheostat and scanner which increases and decreases the small voltage which is sent to the tone cabinet. There are three degrees of vibrato instantly available at the turn of a knob. Number one is effective for church use, while two is more informal and warm. Number three, the old Hammond stand-by, brings in the fine quality and warmth of the old theater organ. With this vibrato, most popular numbers are best rendered.

When a Hammond is installed in a small room, which may be acoustically dead, there is no need for concern. The organ has a device called the reverberation unit. Reverberation is the echo of a tone just after it has been sounded. If the room in which one plays is a huge brick cathedral, then sufficient reverberation time is already supplied, but most of today's churches and homes have rugs and draperies which absorb sound instead of reflecting it. The reverberation unit "speaks" the signal sent from the console about one-fifth of a second after the real tone is broadcast on the loudspeakers. It is indispensable to most installations.

Since the Hammond's tone is entirely created by electricity, the action is spontaneous; the key is depressed, and the tone travels one-hundred-eighty-six-thousand miles a second towards the speaker. Fast music, which would be impossible to play on a reed or a pipe organ, can be executed on the Hammond faster than on the piano. During the winter, it sometimes takes two or three seconds for the low notes on a pipe organ to sound, so one can see the advantage of Hammond's fast action.

I have already mentioned some advantages of the Hammond over other types of organs. Among many other reasons, the Hammond is also very portable and can be carried through an ordinary doorway. The console weighs only 345 pounds. Compare this with even the smallest reed organ, the weight of which is well over 500 pounds. (I'm not speaking of the old one keyboard pump organ.) The lightest pipe organ weighs several thousand pounds, at least. Also, the average pipe has to be tuned at least once a year. Many churches do not tune their pipe organs regularly, and when the discordant noises are too much to bear, congregations realize that they must completely repair the organ or junk it. The common procedure follows: they

return the old organ to the factory and buy a Hammond. The reed organ, of which Wurlitzer is a well-known manufacturer, also will go out of tune.

The Hammond's volume can easily be taken care of; when the organ is used in a large building or out-of-doors, extra speakers may be added to the console. The expression pedal of the Hammond works on a rheostat, and the tones can be loudened instantly. It has the fastest expression accent of any organ on the market.

Of course, nothing man-made has ever been perfect: the Hammond has a few quirks in its operation. Technicians are continuously working to improve these imperfections. The reverberation unit is quite delicate, and, unless care is taken in locking the unit, it may break. It should always be locked when the speaker baffle is moved even a few feet. The greatest disadvantage is an objectionable pop in the loudspeaker which sounds before some fast moving solo notes; however, if the organist keeps a moving accompaniment, this pop is not noticeable.

As one can plainly conclude, the advantages which a Hammond offers outweigh its disadvantages. Therefore, I am quite disappointed that the organ teachers on campus do not use even one Hammond for instruction. Of course, Professor Paul Pettinga plays the Hammond at the University Place Christian Church, but the University does not own one. Too many organists are prejudiced against the Hammond because it is comparatively new. Their noses are stuck high in the sky of tradition. They must cling to that which is "accepted." However, many leading musicians own Hammonds, and just recently, Ethel Smith played a concert on her Hammond with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra.

Proof of Hammond's complete public acceptance is backed by the fact that 20,000 are in use in churches all over America. Huge Canterbury Cathedral uses the Hammond Organ for all of its services, because the pipe organ in the cathedral hasn't enough volume. There are as many Hammonds in homes throughout the world as there are in churches. Hammond has sold more organs than all makes of reeds and pipes combined. One can be thankful for the American way—mass production. By this means, Hammond is made more readily available to people of middle-income brackets. The first Hammond was worth over \$30,000, because it was a hand-made experimental model. Now, with other prices rising to the skies, Hammond sells for less than \$3,000, and most models cost as little as \$2,400. Once bought, Hammond consumes only as much electricity as two 11-watt light bulbs. It has little depreciation and is worth about as much on the market used as it costs brand new.

I have mentioned many technical reasons why I like the Hammond so much better than the pipe or reed organs, but probably the main reason for me is that the Hammond Electric Organ affords a new and different means of self-expression in music. The combinations of tone, the true vibrato, the richness and quality, all these combine to create what I call the perfect musical instrument.

Tokyo in 1946

RYOZO SUNOBE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

I KNEW THAT TOKYO HAD BEEN BOMBED OUT AND BADLY burned down. Newspapers as well as rumors carried the most disheartening stories. Newsreels gave us some ideas of the ruin and destruction. Still, until I was repatriated and saw Tokyo in August, 1946, for the first time after spending nearly six years in China, I could not visualize how desperately miserable and helpless Tokyo looked in its destruction. It indeed surpassed all of my imaginings. Before my eyes lay the cruel and bitter reality of a defeated country.

In spite of one year which had elapsed since the surrender of Japan in September, 1945, the only sign of the rehabilitation in Tokyo, if any, was the pitifully small huts assembled from burned corrugated plates and whatever other junk available, dotting miles and miles of the flattened metropolitan area. I could not recognize even the street corner which had been most familiar to me. In the place of a bank, a three-storied building, and the row of busy shops, I saw only the skeleton of the bank standing on a wide clearing covered by a thicket of summer grass. Pavements were badly in need of repair. Trees which lined the street and in the shade of which I used to walk were gone. They had also been burned down or, perhaps, been cut down for fuel. Several people were still living in the air-raid shelters dug in the gardens of their homes.

The industrial district had suffered even worse than the metropolitan area. Huge plants, demolished by direct hits of bombs and swept by fire, stood, like deformed monsters, roofless, windowless, deserted, and rusty. From a hilltop commanding a view over the industrial belt northwest of Tokyo, I could see a vast stretch of the wrecks of factories and plants and hundreds of half-fallen or tilted chimneys. No smoke arose; no siren blasted. Now contaminated neither by smoke nor by soot, the clean, clear sky extended endlessly far and high over the heart-breaking devastation caused by the foolish war.

The destruction, economic dislocation, inflationary spiral, and acute shortage of foodstuff—all these had brewed and stirred an unprecedented wave of crimes, immorality, and social disorder in Tokyo. Burglar mobs with trucks, whom the weakened police could hardly stop, were rampant. Blackmarket profiteering was an open business, aggravating the daily livelihood of the law-abiding and decent but powerless small citizens. People, particularly women, did not dare stay out after dark. At subway stations there were loafers, old and young, who might turn thieves any moment. Even ordinary citizens on the street, clad shabbily and looking haggard, were smileless, moody, and

selfish. I realized, with depressing gloom, that Tokyo had worn out with the war in mind as well as in body.

After four years, the rehabilitation of Tokyo has now progressed remarkably. With new shops and houses, although mostly wooden barracks of temporary nature, lining the streets in a wide part of Tokyo, and with industry coming to life again, Tokyo is rapidly recovering its healthy gaiety. However, the hopeless Tokyo which I saw in the summer of 1946 and which will never fade in my memory keeps me reminded of the fearful destructiveness of modern warfare which must be averted by all means for the sake of happiness and even the existence of the human being.

In the Gale

LESSING SILVER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

I PUSHED MY WAY THROUGH THE SWAYING CROWD IN the companionway. Faces flashed past me. I stopped, braced myself, and grasped a tottering passenger as the ship began another roll. I saw more faces, strange, unfamiliar faces, all staring at me, all with the same expression—sick. Now and then I was able to pick out a few more familiar ones: the truck driver who came aboard with a huge cigar and grin to match; the elderly couple who had previously tormented me with all kinds of questions, and the wide-eyed boy I remembered seeing racing up and down the deck.

The truck driver's cigar was out now as was his grin, and he was holding his head between his hands. The elderly couple's lips were drawn tight, held there in a sorrowful expression. The little boy sat huddled in his mother's lap. The lake had turned rough, violently rough, and everyone was sick.

The blaring beat of the juke-box was splitting my head. Almost desperately I pushed past a few people who were too drunk to be sick, past a hardy couple attempting to dance on the rolling floor, pushing, shoving, until I reached the ladder to the second deck. On the second deck I could still hear the juke-box play and smell the stench rising from the sawdust covered spots left by those who didn't quite make it to the rail. I raced up, grabbing the rail for support as the ship lurched and rolled. Finally I reached the Lido deck, just behind the ship's bridge.

Here in the black night the full force of the gale hit me. The wind tore at my clothes and roared past my ears. Ahead of me I could see the bow rising and plunging with the swells. Waves cracked against the ship's side. She rolled and she plunged. This was living! The wind was cold; I shivered but did not mind it. Gone were the sick expressions, foul stench, and drunk couples. Here there were only the ship, the elements, and I. Here time stopped and worry ceased. Enveloped in the black night and rolling sea, I could not imagine men causing a world of chaos and confusion; for here, in the midst of turbulence, was peace.

I Disagree With Sentimentality In Writing

TED SCHREYER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

ANY DISCUSSION OF SENTIMENTALITY AS FOUND IN writing must necessarily include a correct interpretation of sentiment and sentimentality. Strictly speaking, *sentiment* means personal feeling; susceptibility to emotional reference; a mental attitude. *Sentimentality*, as it will be used in this theme, means the quality or state of being sentimental, especially to excess; of being guided by feeling rather than reason.

Sentimentality in writing may show itself as simply gushiness or as emotional sensitiveness. To apply the term *sentimentality* to a piece of writing would mean that the author, instead of portraying the story with frankness, has introduced his own emotional reactions and has thus tried to persuade the reader of the emotional qualities of the story. If the situation is really such that emotion or sentiment should be felt by the reader, then the author should not have to write in his own emotional or sentimental reactions.

The theme "Sentiment Rears Its Ugly Head," by Charles Broughton, discusses sentimentality in writing and its appearance elsewhere. Mr. Broughton believes that sentimentality is necessary in some kinds of writing. He also points out that sentiment "is a fundamental human quality—nothing to be ashamed of." I will certainly agree that to be sentimental is to be human, but I disagree that sentimentality need be found in writing. Certainly, if people are sentimental by nature the author need not force emotion upon the reader. The emotional response should come genuinely from the situation which is presented by the author.

Mr. Broughton suggests a new ballet, *Interplay*, as illustrating the American character and its inherent sentimentality. However, the ballet in itself is a perfect example of a highly emotional presentation, and it is without the sentimentality of overdone writing. The music and dance must be suggestive of emotion, but the emotional situations must be interpreted by the audience.

Mr. Broughton uses a passage from Bret Harte's writing to show how sentimentality may be used effectively, or so he would have us believe. However sentimental Mr. Broughton may think the description of the death of these two women, he has misinterpreted the criticism of sentimentality as applied to this writing. The criticism lies in the fact that Harte has the emotion already written into the scene. It is gushing out; he is not content to present the story and let the reader respond with legitimate sentiment.

Despite my criticism of Mr. Broughton's ideas of sentimentality, I must agree with him wholeheartedly on his stand against suppression of sentiment.

It seems to me that this mechanical world needs much more sentiment and refined emotion than it now has. The American peoples still have the ability to appreciate sentiment, and it should not be denied them.

Sympathy, tenderness, and sensitivity are to be regarded as emotions of high order, and the author who wishes to bring forth those emotions within the reader must do so subtly in order that the effect produced is genuine.

Bus-Stop

DONNA CORYDON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

"**B**EEEN WAITING LONG?" AS I SPOKE, THE SLIGHT, DARK-haired girl with large, questioning brown eyes looked up. It seemed an effort for her to summon her thoughts to present reality and to fix them, like her gaze, on me.

"Not too long," she said, and slowly smiled.

"This is the stop for the bus that runs between Fort McCaulay and the town, isn't it?" I asked this hastily, sensing her intent to lapse into silence again.

"Yes. They run non-stop between Littleville and the base at 7 and 11 in the morning and 4 and 8 at night. That's on week days. On Saturdays there's an extra bus running at 2 a.m. And on Sundays there's just a single bus at 7 a.m. because most of the townspeople are at home or at church."

The length of her reply surprised me. From its detail I inferred that she was a local girl, whereas my first supposition had been that she was a stranger like me, and a rather reticent, uneasy one. Somehow, she seemed out of place to me. She stood by the rusted bus-stop sign at the otherwise deserted rural intersection, and all around were vast fields of tall yellow corn and great brown trees enameled with strong orange sunlight. The countryside was simple and rugged, and so were most of its inhabitants. But this girl was different. She had a fragile beauty, a quiet refinement, and an intense and almost aloof manner.

Since there was a fifteen-minute wait ahead, I risked being considered forward or inquisitive and asked, "Are you going to visit someone at the base?"

"No," she replied, "I'm meeting someone here."

"Oh, someone from camp?"

There was a moment's hesitation. "Yes, my fiance."

As she spoke, her face virtually glowed with pride and anticipation.

To draw her into conversation I questioned and commented gently, cautiously, and she responded. It was as if she had been looking for someone to be trusted and confided in.

Her story was a heart-warming one, one that might be told again and again in America's small towns in war-time. Rick Kramer, her soldier, came into Littleville one weekend to have some off-duty fun. They met at Clyde's delicatessen Saturday morning when she was buying some groceries and he was indulging in a fifty-cent banana split. He sat at the counter in his khaki uniform and smiled at her while she paid the cashier. Apparently she appealed to him more than his ice cream because he left it half-eaten to follow her out of the store.

Of course, "pick-ups" were generally frowned upon in town, but Rick seemed sincere and clean-cut—and lonesome. His home, she soon discovered, was northern Oregon, and during his six weeks with the Army at Fort McCaulay he had had little chance to see the midwest or to become acquainted with its people.

That day was the most exciting of her life. Rick helped her carry her bundles home, and he stayed for lunch. Her mother, too, realized what a fine boy he was and urged her to put on a good dress and go with him to a movie.

After the show they strolled hand in hand down Main Street, looking in shop windows, though she was not anxious at first to have him see the town. Suddenly, strangely the place acquired new color and beauty as she saw it through his eyes.

Pop and his antique shop were not prosaic; they were unique and full of personality. Mr. DiBlasi was not to be appreciated for his fruit wagon alone, but for his good nature—despite his family troubles—and his good words for America—despite the hard time the country seemed to be giving him. All the little people became big people and all the butcher shops and barber shops, hardware stores and clothing stores were no longer commonplace; they were founded and run on hopes (and credit) and were alive with individuals.

She and Rick had a homecooked dinner in Edith's Diner. Afterwards they went to a carnival on the outskirts of Littleville. They rode the Whip and the Merry-Go-Round and waved to people they had never seen before. They ate sugar-candy and visited every concession and side-show. She was only eighteen, but it had been years since she had acted or felt so wonderfully young. It had been a long time, too, since she had liked a boy so much.

Late that night as they walked the two miles back to town, they talked of their dreams for the future and of their surety that theirs was a true, predestined love. And he boarded the bus to Fort McCaulay at 2 a.m. with a promise that next time he would come on Sunday, so they could be married on the townspeople's favorite day.

At that moment the bus rumbled to a halt in front of us, its doors snapping open. We waited breathlessly, both eager to glimpse the young man. No soldier, in fact no one at all, emerged. The bus driver watched impatiently as I took the girl's hand and said, "He must have missed the bus. Perhaps you should go home and wait."

"No," she insisted, "there's one more tonight. I'll wait here."

"All right," I smiled. "I do wish you two every good fortune and happiness. Good-by." She nodded in response, her eyes barely reflecting the disappointment she must have felt.

After the driver took my fare, I settled down beside a large, jovial and voluble woman. It took only five minutes of conversation for me to identify her as the town gossip. Thinking she might furnish some interesting details about my new friend, I casually mentioned my long and intriguing discussion with the young lady at the bus stop.

"Why," she exclaimed in amazement, "you're surely the first person she has spoken to for a good length of time. How did you ever manage to get a word out of her?"

"It was quite simple," I replied amusedly. "Actually all I said was, 'Have you been waiting long?'"

"Long!" my companion burst in harshly. "It will be two years tomorrow!"

On Writing a High School Play

CHARLES REAM

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

AFTER HAVING PLODDING THROUGH ONE SEMESTER OF rhetoric here at the University, I am glad that I still retain the memory of once having achieved fleeting distinction as a high school playwright to comfort me. The caustic comments of a thousand rhetoric instructors could never dull the memory of those moments I spent, chumming around with Shaw, Williams, and the Bard.

Of course, from an aesthetic viewpoint, the play was strictly a "dog," and I must confess that the brainwork involved in writing it didn't create enough cerebral heat to warm my hat band. Yet, since classes were dismissed for the performance, the students hailed the play as a histrionic masterpiece. Realizing that anyone who caused them to be excused from classes was, to them, a paragon of greatness, I received their praise with the well-known grain of salt.

During the performance I behaved in the best traditional playwright manner. I paced the floor like a man expecting a letter from his draft board. Every burst of laughter was like a god's giggle to my ears, and every dead line made me wince as from a toothache. Finally, when the play was over, and the students, who had expected a longer reprieve from their studies, strolled reluctantly back to their classes, I settled down to wait for the "reviews," as we playwrights called the written opinions of the local drama critics. Since the only school paper was a bi-weekly, I had quite a wait; but, after ten days, the review finally came out. It commented rather cryptically on both my writing and the small role I played in the play. The review, which I don't yet know how to take, read "Charles Ream writes as good as he acts."

Alexandra

MARY FAHRNKOPF

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

GLADYS SCHMITT, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR AMERICAN novelists of our day, has again proved her ability to write an unusually interesting and stimulating novel. In *Alexandra* she has surpassed her other two famous novels, *The Gates of Aulis* and *David the King*.

Alexandra is the intimate story of a great actress who rose from the depths of poverty and obscurity to the highest pinnacles of success obtainable in the theater and then suddenly turned away and rejected everything that she had lived for—fame, success, and glory.

Although the novel was written primarily for entertainment, it is a source for much thought and consideration, for it is a deep and searching story about people. It is an account of people and their weaknesses and their struggles toward a goal. It is a story of people against people and people against human nature and inheritance. It does not show the glamorous side of success and fame but exhibits the hardships and obstacles blocking the way to glory.

Gladys Schmitt has written a very personal story, using only a minimum of characters and being careful not to distract the reader with unimportant subplots.

There is Sophie, a warm-hearted Jewess, who tries to help and guide Alexandra throughout her difficult life. It is around Sophie's desire to know what had happened during the last three days of Alexandra's life that the story is built. There is Emmanuel, Alexandra's first love, who finds himself incapable of leaving his mother and the bounds of his race to live his own life. There is Kenneth Ellery, a talented actor whose brilliant career was destroyed by infantile paralysis, who becomes absorbed in Alexandra's career, "... knowing that here was the one in whom he could ripen the green greatness that soured his own spirit. . . ." However, his selfishness and bitterness eventually become two of the main causes of Alexandra's defeat in her attempt to be happy and satisfied.

The reader is constantly aware that this is Alexandra's story; her life, her loves, her decisions and failures. Much attention is given to the details which make Alexandra seem more like a real person. A good example of the effective use of details is this paragraph which describes Alexandra when she was a girl: "... I thought of her as a precocious alien from another room, a pale, silky-haired girl with narrow hands and feet, so slight and unassertive in her chair that, when she stood up to recite, she amazed you by being taller than

yourself. If I try to see her face as it was in those early days, I see it always isolated from other faces—alone and white and startled in front of the black-board, alone and dark-eyed and solemn in the four o'clock dusk, in the school-yard, near the Indian Toby tree."

Alexandra seems to me to be a representative of our civilization, so that in her happiness, sorrows, achievements, and failures we all find something of ourselves. As a little girl she had the burning ambition to become a great actress. We see her climb the long road from a high school platform to Broadway and fame. We see the changes that occur, even in her physical appearance. ". . . she could feel her happiness moving like a nourishing liquid through her body. It warmed her and took away forever the cold that had always lain, only half-realized, at the marrow of her bones. Joy had made her prettier than she had ever hoped to be; the eyes of others told her so."

She had developed new philosophies through hardship and disappointment. Once she said: "It isn't good, it isn't safe to let anybody see what you really think, to let anybody know what you're like inside."

Perhaps the secret of Alexandra's dream and undeniable need to become famous is found in these two statements: "I thought that people would love you if you were famous. That's what I worked for all these years" and, ". . . when you are an artist, when you act on the stage or sing like Caruso or paint a picture, then you are somehow fixed at the very crest of a great arc of merging light; you stand at exactly that point where the light of the sun and the reflected light of the moon touch upon each other; you are illumined from both sides by earthly and celestial love. There nothing can touch you, nothing can wound you."

The reasons for her failures are partially given in this paragraph in which she said: "I was cursed from my childhood with an oversupply of those things which are acceptable only in properly limited quantities. I had too much faith, too much desire for perfection, too much devotion to truth, and above all, too great a capacity for love."

The success of this book lies in the style of writing employed. It is of a personal, reminiscent air with a definite sense of reality. The author continuously repeats certain descriptions, phrases, and impressions in many cleverly hidden ways, so that the mood and true nature of the characters are never forgotten. There is little attempt by the author to give elaborate explanations for all the actions of the characters and the reasons behind these actions. The reader is left to make his own conclusions and deductions from the material supplied. He is put into the questioning mood that Sophie was experiencing when she asked herself whether or not things might have been different if she had put forth just a little more effort to help Alexandra.

Animal Farm

MARY ANN KULA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

COMMUNIST TROOPS PUSH BACK UNITED NATIONS forces in Korea; more than half the world suffers under Communist domination; millions of people are kept without any contact with the world outside the Iron Curtain. These conditions, needless to say, are terrible. The present world situation is critical. But how did all this start? Were these people always intent on destruction? Just what is their basic philosophy?

These are a few of the questions George Orwell attempts to answer in his political satire, *Animal Farm*. In his story of the animals' revolt, he draws a picture of the Communist revolt, of its first aims, and of the gradual warping and changing of these ideals. The novel traces the story of the animals' revolt from its idealistic beginning, as a rebellion against the unjust conditions under Mr. Jones, the farmer, up to the time when the pigs of the farm, in complete control, introduce a slavery more encompassing and far worse than life under Mr. Jones ever was.

Napoleon, the pig leader, is a symbol of the Communist leader, ruthless and cunning, working his way into leadership and stomping down all who would defy him. Slowly and skillfully he takes away more rights and privileges of his workers, giving, in return, only more work and a few empty celebrations. The Marxian theory of Communism, wherein man is all, is gradually turned into an extreme form of Socialism, wherein government is all and man is nothing but a machine, doing the biddings of those few on top.

George Orwell, an English writer who is at his best as a critic, compares the animals of the farm with the masses and Mr. Jones and the other humans with the upper classes of the country. In simple but effective manner, he sketches the character of the sincere but misguided party member in the form of Boxer, the work horse who is deluded into working night and day for the cause, and who is finally turned upon.

Animal Farm seems to have served as a basis for another of Orwell's novels, *1984*, inasmuch as both deal with the same problem. The author, who died very recently, brings out the horror of the Communist political system in both these novels, the difference in the two lying in the fact that *Animal Farm* deals with the past and present of the political system, while *1984* treats the not too unbelievable future.

Mr. Orwell did not attempt to moralize; we who see the causes and results realize the moral ourselves. The seeds of Communism lie in oppression and persecution. The only way that we shall be able to combat this weed is to remove the seeds so that it cannot continue its growth.

The Legend of John

CAROL ANN HODGES

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

WHEN JOHN WAS A LITTLE BOY HE PLAYED COWBOYS just like other little boys his age and said that when he grew up, he was going to be a real cowboy. However, he kept on saying that even when he was high school age, and people began to wonder if it wasn't about time he outgrew that stage. They particularly began to wonder when he had a saddle mounted on his bicycle and began to ride standing up on the saddle. This was all the more spectacular because John was a gangling six foot four and looked decidedly top-heavy in this position. Also, he would come to a stop by slamming on the brakes and rearing the bike on its hind wheel like an angry horse.

People were beginning to regard him with suspicion and say he was even more odd than his father, "Empty," had been at that age.

But when the war came and John went to the Navy, folks said confidently that the Navy would take it out of him. One fellow told me John had to pitch six new pairs of cowboy boots overboard because the sea water rotted them, and no doubt that would be the end of his cowboy fling.

And when he came home, it seemed to be true. He no longer thought he was a cowboy. Instead, he had grown a magnificent beard, and it was, like his hair, a screaming orange. (This was a bit unusual, since when he went away, his hair had been a rather uninteresting reddish brown.) The beard and hair alone would have caused comment, but in addition, he had his ears pierced and a silver chain run from one lobe to the other. Under his chin a silver medallion hung from this chain, shimmering against its orange background. It seemed that for the time being he had forgotten about cowboys and was now playing the pirate. He carried a long, wicked looking knife with a carved ivory handle in a sheath between his shoulder blades; and, when he was sure people were looking, he'd pull it out and pick his teeth with it, sneering as he did so at the quaking landlubbers.

When John got out of the Navy, he came back to farm with his father, but this of course was not very exciting and he ran off with a rodeo.

When he came back that fall during the Homecoming celebration, jaws began dropping all over town. The orange hair had subdued to a glowing auburn and was now almost shoulder length and rolled under on the nape of his neck. The beard had divided into long sideburns and a well trimmed moustache. He rode out to the high school on a palamino with a two-hundred dollar tail. He swaggered into the school and offered to let them build their carnival around him and his bull whip cracking act, and to prove his point he uncoiled the whip from his shoulder and took a crack at the superintendent

who had just said no. The superintendent had admirable courage, however, and kept on saying no, so John went to find the president of our senior class. He offered to get us a stage coach and six horses for our float and furthermore to drive it himself. We said no, too, and thought that was that. But on that day of the parade there was John, dressed all in black from his Stetson to his boots, except for the red satin sash at his waist; and he announced that he was leading the parade on his palamino horse and he had his whip, knife, and six guns (in black holsters, of course) to prove it. Undoubtedly if anyone had called his bluff, it would have turned out to be just that, but there was no intrepid soul amongst us, and so John was given an opportunity to display himself before the awestruck citizens.

There are many legends about John, each one a little more fantastic than the last, and most of them built around his desire for show and his actual cowardice and bluff. One of these is pretty well accepted as the truth, however. That is the story about John and his friend, Lloyd, who was about the same caliber. They went squirrel hunting one afternoon and got into an argument. Finally John said, "We'll settle this with a duel." And they agreed to stand back to back, take ten paces, turn and fire. They began counting. On nine, Lloyd fired his rifle in the air, and when he turned around, John was gone. It's said John didn't stop running till he hit the city limits, and I imagine that's just about so.

Mr. Blank

CAROLINE CRAMER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

HE WAITED ON THE CORNER FOR THE BUS FOR SOME ten or fifteen minutes with his hands thrust deeply into the pockets of the grey covert overcoat which he wore. His hat was set on his head rather crookedly, giving the impression of carelessness and hurry rather than of jauntiness, and his brows were knit in that peculiar expression which waiting persons assume as a blind for the diverse thoughts which meander through their minds.

The bus came presently, and the man was able to find a seat by a window. He stared vacantly out, his expression changing ever so slightly from boredom to pleasure as he saw a tall, well-moulded blonde round a corner; then he hastily covered the pleasure with a fleeting frown, which resolved itself into an aspect of mere passive disgust at his own humanism.

As he strode swiftly past the rows of almost-identical houses between the bus stop and home, he came upon a child working hard at tightening a screw on a battered roller-skate. The man started to step around the child; then he turned quickly and gave the needed assistance. His ill-humor having made

this concession, he walked on more breezily, and declared to his wife upon entering his house that the smell of her beef stew had set his mouth watering a block away. She smiled wanly, thus indicating both her "hello" and "thank you". The man scanned the sports page of the local newspaper until dinner, tapping his foot against the leg of a table in preoccupation.

The meal was eaten quietly, with little conversation; the man was absorbed in listening to "Big Town."

With a martyred look shadowing his lucid eyes, the husband insisted on helping his wife with the dishes. As he removed his coat in favor of an apron, a parchment certificate fell from his pocket. His wife stooped, scooped it up, and read, "Awarded to Mr. Blank, Brown and Kuhl's Personality Prize of the Year."

Divorce—An American Pastime

HARRY KARIHER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 1

DURING THE TURBULENT WAR YEARS, BOTH THE AMERICAN marriage rate and the divorce rate increased to gigantic proportions. These accelerated marriages were looked upon with favor by the majority of the public, but the subsequent divorce rate appalled the citizenry. It is still appalling.

It was the general opinion that the divorce rate would level off following the war, as our economy and existence began to be re-stabilized. This, however, has not been the case. Reno, as well as other points of facile divorces, continues to be jammed to the bursting point.

The separations are a fine barometer of the social, emotional, and economic unrest in the country today. The fast pace of living, coupled with an almost nation-wide desire for security, will produce a marriage today and a separation tomorrow in one out of three instances. To a social expert, this means that the American people are all too close to a national nervous breakdown.

The aftermaths of divorce are for the present its most detrimental factors. Confused children, disgusted and dismayed parents, and split economics can contribute little to the public welfare. In many cases, the actual support of divorce-struck children will fall on society. Juvenile delinquency and crime draw direct sustenance from the divorce courts.

As long as ten-minute engagements are possible in America, divorce lawyers will coin money. As long as a husband or wife can journey to Reno for mercurial separation proceedings, homes will be broken. As long as people continue to treat marriage as lightly as in the past, divorce will remain the great American pastime. Yet with the proper legislation and popular combat, there is hope that large-scale "liberations" will become as extinct as the dodo bird.

Soap Opera-The Housewife's Bible

ALICE JEAN COHN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

THE PLACE IS CHICAGO. THE YEAR IS 1928. SEVERAL radio men have migrated to the "Windy City" from New York and Hollywood, weary from their unsuccessful attempts to promote themselves.¹ Our story opens as the explorers of soapland, taking advantage of the simple facilities available, begin to develop radio serials and sell them to advertisers as "soap operas."

The idea of the daytime radio program was to entertain the housewife and to sell her a bill of goods at the same time. Though the soap opera originated in Chicago, its headquarters are now in New York. There was a wait of approximately fifteen years before serious research was done on this subject, and during that time there were few competent critics. None of the serial writers ever saved their scripts. If the more than 4,000 scripts (8,000,000 words) of "Just Plain Bill," the oldest serial now on the air, had been saved, they would fill 20 trunks, and the entire wordage of soap operas to date, roughly 275,000,000 words, would fill a good sized library."²

During the four years following the birth of the soap opera, dozens of people attempted to take the old art of story-telling and adapt it to radio. The principal figures were Mrs. Gertrude Berg, Mrs. Elaine Carrington, Irma Phillips, Paul Rhymar, Frank and Anne Hummert, and Robert D. Andrews. However, the progress of these serial pioneers was extremely slow because of certain handicaps involving the wariness of advertisers and the thin resources of talent in the Middle West. Their efforts were indefatigable. They studied "Amos and Andy," a sequential story, as a model in the field of radio narrative. The many listeners devoted to this program proved the American desire for a continued story on the air.

Mrs. Gertrude Berg, a New York woman, did her early writing in Chicago. She was one of the first to have a popular and durable soap opera, "The Goldbergs." This program began as a nightly show twenty-two years ago and transferred to daytime a few years later. The show ran until 1945 when Proctor and Gamble dropped it; however, the show has recently been continued. When the show was first dropped, life became bewildering to Mrs. Berg who, portraying Molly Goldberg, had ripened many worthwhile friendships. Since it was an impossibility for her to give up the Goldbergs, she brought them back to the stage in a production called "Me and Molly." This showed the critics who saw no art or significance in her play why the

¹ James Thurber, "Soapland," *New Yorker*, XXIV (May 15, 1948), 34.

² *Ibid.*

beloved family could not die. It transferred to the stage simplicity, honesty, and the warm belief in humanity which distinguished her serial.³

The woman who has been crowned queen of the soap opera is Elaine Carrington of New York. "When a Girl Marries," "Pepper Young's Family," and "Rosemary" are three better than average serials through which Mrs. Carrington may make her claim for fame.⁴ Her salary for such work may be as high as \$3500 per week. Elaine Carrington began her career by writing short stories for magazines, but during the years of depression she turned to writing for radio. In 1932 NBC sponsored Miss Carrington's "Red Adams," a half-hour evening show, broadcast once a week. Three months later Beechnut sponsored the program as a daytime serial three times a week. However, the Beechnut company offered to sponsor the show only under the condition that the name be changed. Adams represented to them the name of their rival; thus, the show was changed from "Red Adams" to "Red Davis." In 1936 Procter and Gamble offered Elaine Carrington twice as much money as she had been receiving if she would write five scripts per week. It was at this time that the name of the program became "Pepper Young's Family." Mrs. Carrington is one of the few soap opera writers who has been wise and firm in retaining ownership of literary properties.⁵ She leases broadcasting rights to sponsors and specifies that her name be mentioned before and after each show. Most dialoguers receive credit only once a week.

Among other pioneers prominent in soap operas are Anne and Frank Hummert, the manufacturers of fifteen serials in the soap opera factory. Frank Hummert was formerly a St. Louis newspaperman who switched to radio as the copy chief for Blackett and Sample advertising agency in Chicago. His wife, the former Anne Askenhurst, became his assistant and together they worked out their first daytime serial, "Betty and Bob." This soap opera lasted approximately eleven years before it was taken off the air. For its plot, the story depended upon the unsteady, jealous relationship between the name characters. The serial reached its climax at the birth of a baby but ended as a failure because the listeners would not accept the old relationship in a married couple with a child.⁶ Through experience the Hummerts found that three problems were inherent in soap opera writing: finding names for the hundreds of characters, keeping the dialogue fresh, and preventing the endless story from ending.⁷ The last difficulty is the greatest.

There has not been another woman writer of soap operas who has written as many words or made as much money as Irma Phillips.⁸ This soap opera

³ *Ibid.*, p. 35.

⁴ "Soap Opera," *Reader's Digest*, XLVIII (July, 1946), 97.

⁵ Thurber, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

⁶ "Hummerts' Super Soaps," *Newsweek*, XXIII (January 10, 1944), 81.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 80.

⁸ Thurber, *op. cit.*, p. 36.

pioneer became studio-struck after her graduation from the University of Illinois. Following some years of teaching and writing, Miss Phillips was asked by WGN to write a serial which she called "Painted Dreams." Writing serials involving the family was reasonably simple to her as she was one of ten children. Her subsequent soap operas included "Woman in White," "Right to Happiness," "Road to Life," and "Lonely Women." All of these programs are still being broadcast except "Lonely Women."

Sandra Michael's serial dramas seldom fall in the uncomfortable category as do many soap operas.⁹ Her most notable work, "Against the Storm," made its debut in 1939 with extensive praise and many blue ribbons. In 1943 the serial was given the Peabody Award for dramatic presentation. Radio editors favored its literary quality, war-conscious continuity, and occasional personal casting of such notables as John Masefield and Edgar Lee Masters.¹⁰ However, "Against the Storm" didn't appeal to the housewives and went off the air in December, 1942.

Although earlier soap operas were broadcast in the evening, the accepted definition of today's soaper is: "a patronizing term loosely applied to popular daytime dramatic serial programs because the early sponsors of these programs were soap manufacturers."¹¹ The story is continuous, concerning the same set of characters all of the way through the series with additions and subtractions in less important roles in the story. It is intended for an adult audience.¹² Generally, the same actors play the same parts. The same director handles the show, the same sound man and engineer are assigned, and the show is always broadcast in the same studio. The element of continuity touches many factors in the program.

The serial production directors and writers are all constants. The director has less to do with the script because the writer is usually a highly skilled craftsman who knows the medium intimately. Because most of the programs are agency-produced, the radio executives in the agency have gone over the scripts carefully in advance. Thus, most of the editing necessary for other programs is eliminated. The main concern of soap opera producers is time.

The problem of talent arises due to one of two circumstances. First, the client or agency becomes dissatisfied with the way a part is being played or with an actor's behavior; then it is necessary to recast. This seldom happens, but when it does it is a major operation. The prominent role is the subject of hearings and auditions for a week before the decision is made. Recasting is one with a thoroughness involving the account executive of the advertising agency and the sponsor. Secondly, minor casting problems arise with the new characters and the use of dramatized commercials.

Staff needs, studio needs, and studio layouts are constant. Teamwork in

⁹ "Scented Soap," *Newsweek*, XXII (July 5, 1943), 110.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹¹ *Radio Alphabet*, New York, 1946, p. 67.

¹² "Soap Opera," *op. cit.*, p. 95.

this field brings simplicity. There are few special effects. Sound is held to a minimum and music usually appears only as the opening and closing theme.

There is a simplicity of movement, structure, and sound in the soap opera because the housewives constitute the majority of the audience.¹³ Housewives have work to do; therefore, the serial cannot have a complicated, fast moving plot requiring undivided attention that would distract women from their work.

The actual playing time of the dialogue in soap operas is nine or ten minutes; the rest of the program's time is required for the announcer, commercials, and music.¹⁴ In the procedure for rehearsals, the script is first read through by the cast for content and general daily development and then re-read for notation of further corrections. Good timing is achieved in this manner. If there is relaxation on the part of the director in timing the show, the result shows a definite sloppiness in the actual broadcast.

In scoring soapland locales results showed that small towns outnumbered big cities two to one; five actual cities in the United States are mentioned, but names of small towns such as Hartville, Rushville Center and Great Falls are misty and unreal.¹⁵ After listening to many serials, one may note that "Our Gal Sunday" is set in Virginia, but that no states are mentioned for towns in other serials.

Differences between small town people and big city people are exaggerated and over-simplified by most writers. Distinctions between good and evil are most easily made in the old-fashioned terms of moral and immoral towns.

Soap opera time manages to coincide with mortal time in the case of holidays. For example, Memorial Day in Hartville is Memorial Day in New York. Every year on that day Bill Davidson, Hartville's leading citizen, makes a Memorial Day address—a simple arrangement of words in praise of God and the Republic.¹⁶

"Soapland is a peaceful world, a political and economic Utopia, free of international unrest, the menace of fission, the threat of inflation, depression, general unemployment, the infiltration of Communists and the problem of racism."¹⁷ There are no colored people in the world of soap except for minor servant parts. David, in "Life Can be Beautiful" is the only Jew since "The Goldbergs" was discontinued as a soap opera. Lynn Stone and Addy Richton, soap opera writers, were once told by a sponsor's representative to eliminate a Jewish woman from their show. The reason given for such action was not to antagonize anti-Semites.¹⁸

Though formerly the sexual aspect of daytime morality burned up and down the dial, there has been a profound cooling off. Now the question of sex is handled with care. Nothing is shown but coy and impregnable chastity.

¹³ Albert R. Crews, *Radio Production Directing*, Boston, 1944, p. 470.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 471.

¹⁵ Thurber, *op. cit.* (May 29, 1948), p. 30.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 31.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 32.

in women. Helen Trent is soap opera's number one tormenter of men, all in the virtuous name of indecision.¹⁹ Suitors in soapland are usually weak. Miss Trent's frustration of them is aimed to gratify listening housewives, brought up in the fine American tradition of female domination.

People of soapland are subject to a set of special ills. Temporary blindness, preceded by dizzy spells and headaches, is a common affliction of soapland people. There are also many amnesia cases. Children of soap towns are subject to pneumonia and strange fevers, or killed by autos. Infantile paralysis and cancer are never mentioned in serials.²⁰

Outside of physical ills, the most common misfortune in the world of soap is false accusation of murder. At least two-thirds of the good male characters have been indicted and tried for murder since the beginning of soap operas.²¹

The soap opera is rarely discussed without passion. Many are heartily in favor of its existence while others are violently in opposition. Defenders of the daily serial believe that it relieves the tedium of the housewife and teaches valuable lessons in living. However, innumerable critics say, "At its best, the soap opera is a tedious bilge and at its worst, is revolting morbidity."²² It rationalizes frustration and provides an unhealthy escape from reality. This is evident by the pretense of an economic and political Utopia. Also, many soap operas may be considered money-saving because expenses are lessened on talent.

Educators, social scientists and psychiatrists deplore the soap opera's influence.²³ Dr. Louis Berg, a New York psychiatrist stated that the relapse of his patients was due to listening to soap operas. He listened and found the soapers full of jealousy, pain, rage, frustration and insincerity. "Truly the authors have screened the emotional sewers for their material."²⁴

Both NBC and CBS were worried by Dr. Berg's accusations because of their profitable association with soap operas. Therefore, NBC delegated a committee to investigate the serials. The committee found that there was a tendency of all dramas studied toward ethical solutions and that their effect tended toward helpfulness.²⁵ The soap opera's shortcomings seemed to be outweighed by its virtues.

CBS made a study to find out whether women who listen to daily serials are substantially different from those who do not. A tabulation showed that the percentage of listeners varied with the educational, not economical level. Forty-one percent of soap opera listeners have graduated from high school and may have had some college education; fifty-nine per cent are not high school or, possibly, grammar school graduates.²⁶ The CBS committee, composed of well-known educators and psychologists, devised a recommendation for the

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 35.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 37.

²¹ *Ibid.*

²² "Soap Opera," *op. cit.*, p. 95.

²³ Lloyd Morris, *Not So Long Ago*, New York, 1949, p. 472.

²⁴ "Soap Opera," *op. cit.*, p. 98.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 99.

²⁶ *Ibid.*

improvement of serial programs and offered these eight definite suggestions for writers:

1. Make characters motivate the plot.
2. Develop the social and economic structure of characters more fully.
3. Play on wider themes.
4. Let the motives be plausible.
5. Use more logic, less contrived accident and coincidence in the story.
6. Use less narration, more live action.
7. Set higher standards of production.
8. Be sure that the total outlook of each serial is socially desirable rather than socially harmless.²⁷

Major networks devote 79% of their daytime commercial hours to soap operas.²⁸ In 1945 NBC had a total of \$30,000,000 in time charges.²⁹ From this, one can easily see why networks investigate accusations made against soap operas.

Due to the continuity of the soap opera, it becomes habit-forming. Thus, the housewife after months of conditioning becomes extremely devoted to the involved characters. One woman who was a faithful listener to "Pepper Young's Family" continually heard Mr. and Mrs. Young's nightly discussion in bed. When the part of Mr. Young was recast, the listener ceased to listen to the program because she could not bear to think of Mrs. Young in bed with another man.³⁰

The question of banning soap operas from the air is a topic for heated discussion. In many soap operas a permanent question of inner struggle, doubt or indecision is implied every day by the serial narrator. And so that I may leave the reader with the soapland environment, I, too, shall ask the question in closing, "Will the housewife continue to leave her cakes burning in the oven and her children dying from malnutrition?" Tune in some fifty years in the future and hear the thrilling climax!!

²⁷ G. T. Buswell, "Radio's Daytime Serials," *Elementary School Journal*, XLVI (January, 1946), 251.

²⁸ "Question of Soap," *Time*, XLI (June 7, 1943), 66.

²⁹ "Soap Opera," *op. cit.*, p. 95.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 96.

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And Into the Pan

JIM BRAY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

THOSE VACATION PICTURES OF THE JUBILANT FISHERMAN stepping out of his boat and holding aloft a large pike or perch always bring exclamations from the women and whistles of admiration from the men. Then the questions start. "How much did he weigh?" "Did he put up a good battle?" "What did you use to get him?" The picture under discussion is not laid aside until everybody knows every detail of the capture of the fish.

I never bring my vacation pictures to a group of this type because all of my photos show me with a few panfish that don't weigh over two pounds in all. Panfish are the smaller varieties of fish which don't get much larger than a foot, are usually much smaller, and are a mess of bones. As far as I am concerned, the fisherman with his big fish has not just stepped out of the boat; he has missed it completely. He may have the admiration of all the men and women, but I'm the fisherman who gets to sit down to a dinner table that is heaped with the best tasting fish in Wisconsin, the panfish. And they aren't as easy to catch as some people think.

The average fisherman would gaze in horror at the fishing equipment I use to get my fish. I don't have forty or fifty pounds of equipment that cost several hundred dollars. All of my equipment but my rod fits into a two-pound candy box. Ten fishhooks (size 1), one stringer, five lead weights, and fifty feet of line on my reel will provide me with equipment enough for any situation which I will encounter while fishing. The only one of these terms which may not be clear to the reader is the stringer. It is a cord that is inserted through the gill of the fish and out through the mouth in order to retain control of the fish. My reel is a very inexpensive one and is not absolutely needed in order to catch fish. One of my major expenses is a five-dollar fishing license which legally enables me to fish in the lakes of Wisconsin.

Although I have never seen another person fish from a canoe, there is nothing that is better adapted for this purpose. The advantages of the canoe over the highly lauded rowboat include maneuverability, comfort, and accessibility to the various equipment. When I have a canoe, I don't always need to be putting in and taking out wet oars. My paddle may be laid across the canoe so that its drippings will fall into the water. The canoe is usually drier than the rowboat because people seem to take good care of something that is fragile, while they tend to mistreat the supposedly sturdy rowboat until it leaks freely. Furthermore, my paddle, anchor, and all my fishing equipment may be put within arm's reach in the canoe; a rowboat must be rowed and anchored from different fixed positions. A canoe may also be easily carried from lake to lake on top of a car or transported by packing it on the shoulders with a carrying frame.

Although August may not be the best time to catch fish, it is the time

during which I escape the tortures of the August drouth in Illinois. Hoping the weather will be nice and sunny for swimming and hiking, but cold and drizzly for good fishing, a climatic improbability, I usually attempt in August to go fishing on one of the many lakes of Wisconsin.

Since the type of lake on which I fish is largely determined by the location of my cabin, I will consider instead, the ideal conditions. A good lake for fishing will have numerous weed beds and abundant plant life in its waters. A sandy-bottomed lake is not too good, nor is a complete lake of weeds or wild rice. In a lake where there are abundant minnows, the fish will not be too hungry for the fisherman's bait. Therefore, a large lake, two or three miles long, will usually offer the best opportunities for good fishing. Another wise thing to know is the type of fish which is most abundant in a particular lake. Tourist literature will give many hints about this information.

It is very important to know what type of floor the lake has. Some lakes have been improved by dumping brush into them to provide better protection from the larger fish for the fingerlings that will some day be of legal size.

When a suitable lake has been found, the exact spot where the fish are located must be discovered. It will usually be about twenty feet off shore on a weed bed and will be about ten feet deep. Lily pads almost always offer good spots for perch and bluegill. Although the type of fish which a lake contains does not readily change, the best fishing spots do. As a result, the fisherman can only hope he is in the right place.

After anchoring myself in what I hope will be a good "fishing hole," I put a hook on the line and place a lead weight above it so that the bait will not float. The hook must not be so big that the fish will be unable to take it into their mouths, nor should it be so small as to encourage minnows. Whether to use worms or minnows is still uncertain in my mind. For this reason, I use the cheaper worms, which are threaded down their centers onto the hook.

I lower my line into the lake until the bait touches bottom and then reel it in until it is about a foot off the floor, or where I hope that the fish will be. I attempt to attract them by bobbing my bait up and down with short jerks on my line. If a fish jerks back, I give another quick tug which I hope will pull the hook through the mouth of the fish and thus secure him on my line. The panfish is not large enough to cause any further trouble, so that I can reel him in, put him on my stringer, and then put him back into the lake so he will not die before I get him back to shore with what I hope will be enough for a meal.

A good hard blow on the top of the head will kill a panfish. Cutting off his head, taking off his scales and fins, and taking out his innards will ready the fish for the skillet. The fish should now be dipped in corn meal batter and slowly fried in a small amount of fat. Panfish taste best if eaten immediately after being cooked. For this reason, it is best to eat them as they are fried instead of cooking them all at once and keeping them warm in an oven. One should watch for the small bones. A larger fish won't have them, but neither will it have the sweet, juicy flavor of the panfish.

Controlled Destruction

JOHN KRUPKA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

AN AMERICAN FIELD-ARTILLERY PIECE IS THROWING death and destruction. The first shells explode on first contact with the target, spreading their deadly concussion over a wide area. Then arrives an order to knock out a concrete blockhouse. Instantaneous detonation of shells against the outside of this target would be useless. Therefore, the gunner gives a small screw on the next shell a quick quarter turn. This shell strikes the blockhouse, and its speed carries it through the concrete. Then, inside, it explodes with devastating effect. It is a perfect hit on the first shot. Excitement runs high in the gun crew. Eager to get off another shot, one of the ammunition-passers stumbles. A shell, exactly like those which had slain enemy troops and knocked out concrete fortifications, slips from his hands. Its sensitive nose rams into the steel base of the cannon with sledge-hammer force. Nothing happens. White-faced, shaken, but unhurt, the crew continues its work.

The accurately timed explosion of the shells on or in the target but their refusal to detonate by accident are the result of a very fine piece of mechanism known as the fuse and booster assembly.

A small pellet of very sensitive mercury-fulminate mounted in the nose of the shell explodes at the first shock of striking the target. This explosion flashes through the fuse and ignites the booster which fires the shell. This pellet no doubt exploded when the soldier dropped the shell, but two small pins blocking the passage to the booster saved the lives of the gun crew. When a shell is fired from the gun, these pins are drawn back by centrifugal force due to the shell's spinning motion. This leaves the passage open during the shell's flight but tightly closed before it is fired.

To delay the detonation of the shell to allow it to penetrate a wall, the gunner turns a screw that locks these centrifugal pins permanently. By blocking the instantaneous flash, these pins allow another part of the fuse to function. On impact, the shell is suddenly slowed down by contact with the target. Inertia causes a small cylinder of brass inside the fuse to slide forward against a spring, driving a pin into a second pellet of explosive. The flash from this explosion must thread its way through a baffle before it can reach the booster. This delays the detonation of the shell for a vital fraction of a second. The operation of this mechanism is resisted by a spring, and the relatively light impact of dropping the shell will not affect it.

The light, quick flash of the fuse is not, however, strong enough to detonate the T.N.T. bursting charge of the shell. This small flash must be amplified by a mechanism already referred to, the booster.

The booster also contains a complex safety device. A small pin must be

first drawn back by the inertia caused by the firing of the shell from the gun. This releases another pin which is drawn back by centrifugal force. This, in turn, releases a circular metal plate or rotor which pivots to bring a small explosive charge into position to receive the flash from the fuse. This charge is set off by the fuse and fires a larger, more powerful pellet which, in turn, detonates the shell.

This mechanism, the fuse and booster assembly, serves as an indication of the great value we Americans place on the lives of our men. The fuse and booster are made with the utmost care and precision. They are comparable, in quality and cost, with a fine watch, yet they are standard equipment on each of the millions of artillery shells used by the armed forces. Their sole purpose is to protect our men without loss of effectiveness against the enemy. This is just one of the many ways in which American mechanical skill provides the weapons to win the war.

The Competitors

FRED M. COOPER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

IT WAS THE NIGHT OF MY SCHOOL'S ANNUAL BASKET ball game with her traditional rival, Edgewood High. The whole town of Swissvale was screaming for blood—Edgewood's. I was mixed up; in fact, I had been terribly confused all day. I respected the whole Edgewood team, especially Larry Harms, who was the star and captain of this fighting aggregation. Yet I hated them, mainly because I felt that I must hate them to win the approval of my teammates and local fans. To add to my confusion the coach appointed me captain for this game. It was in this particular game that I actually realized that competition should produce friendships, not bitter rivalry.

The usual pre-game ritual failed to fully relieve my tension. I began to realize, however, that we should try to win the game in a civilized way, without displaying such undesirable emotions as hatred and extreme anger.

The whole team was inspired. We heartily cheered the junior varsity as they struggled for victory in their preliminary battle. We taunted our opponents, and they, in return, belittled us. I watched Larry—quiet, at ease and apparently disgusted by his teammates' aggressive attitude. I was certain that he felt the same as I. I resolved to control myself at all times throughout the game.

Tension mounted higher and higher as the junior varsity game progressed and then the third quarter ended. It was time to dress. Both crowds broke into frenzied roars as their respective teams went into their locker rooms. I wanted to nod and smile at Larry, but I dared not; instead I pretended to look at the scoreboard and walked directly past him.

Once inside the dressing room, we all broke into school pep cheers as we opened our lockers and proceeded to put on our uniforms. I looked carefully at my outfit, number eleven. It had been my faithful companion for three basketball seasons. With it on, I felt more confident, and my tightened muscles seemed to ease somewhat. I glanced up at my teammates. Glenn, my best friend, who played center, winked at me and took a deep breath. I was rather frightened, because Glenn had a terrific temper which could easily be aroused in the course of a hotly contested game. I winked back.

Suddenly the whole dressing room became silent—dead silent. It was G-Hour, and for the first time in my life before a game I prayed.

The next few minutes were vague in my mind. I remember running through warm-up drills amidst the tumult of shouts and cheers. I could faintly hear the coach giving us our last instructions, and then I found myself shaking hands with Larry as the referees reviewed the court rules with us.

We lined up for the tip-off. The centers were eager to tap the ball. My job was to guard Larry, and I was determined to do it in a sportsmanlike manner. The ball shot into the air, and Glenn managed to outjump his opponent and get the tip-off. We raced down the floor, the ball zipping around from man to man. Suddenly I caught a short quick pass and had the ball under the basket. I rose and shot blindly. Two points! Now my mind began to clear as I fell back on defense—too late—Larry had two points!

First one team was ahead, then the other, throughout the first half. At halftime we were leading by a margin of two points. Noise and confusion filled the whole gym. Larry and I had not even spoken to one another.

Soon the second half was under way. Edgewood slowly pulled away from us, and we became frantic. We had to get the ball and score. In the excitement, I knocked Larry over. I helped him up and he promptly made a free throw. Not a word was said.

We now had possession of the ball with one minute left to play. As I dribbled toward an opening in the defense, something struck me hard and sent me sprawling. Jumping up, half-angry, I saw that it was Larry. I grinned at him and proceeded to make two free throws. Still we said nothing.

Edgewood was two points ahead, and, before the ball could be put in play again, the game was over. I cursed the buzzer and started to stalk off the floor with tears in my eyes.

As I reached the steps, something compelled me to turn, and I recognized Larry as he stood and received the congratulations bestowed upon him by his hometown fans. I walked toward him, smiled, and shook hands. Almost simultaneously we said "Nice game, fella!"

Since then I have had the pleasure of becoming a good friend of Larry's. It is only natural, therefore, for me to believe that competition should not breed serious rivalry but should blend the lives of the competitors into a pattern of friendship.

Rhet as Writ

"The sign said, 'Ten beautiful girls inside, plus beer and whiskey,' so began to enter this den of satin."

* * *

Engineers are people even though they don't know where to put comma or how to spel.

* * *

The two main streets in my home town run north and south and east and west.

* * *

After his first months of strangeness the new student settles down and is resigned to become better educated.

* * *

Although many people disagree, I believe that having puppies and training them is a problem.

* * *

The type of girl that I think is ideal may be quite different from some men

* * *

England was the chief navel power for three centuries.

* * *

When he became sick, he went into a comma. I don't know where he went but when he came out of it, he was a changed man.